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Travelin'

ABOUT two weeks after my friend Stability Bill had entered into the blissful state of matrimony in collaboration with the former Mrs. Sims, I was the recipient of a visit from the bridegroom. He announced that he and his wife were about to take a trip and so it was with much anticipation that I rode into Royo about a month later. I had timed my arrival to that of the bi-weekly stage from Owl City. The stage was there before me, and having left the mail sack to the mercy of the postmaster, was depositing that portion of its cargo next in importance, namely two highly respected members of the camp's society, to wit, Mr. and Mrs. Long. They were shaking the accumulated dust of fifty alkali miles from their persons and unloading an amount of baggage never before seen in that uncivilized section. I dismounted to assist them.

"Well things do look natural," exclaimed Mrs. Long, wiping her dust-covered face. "Everything just as we left it, Honey. We're just getting back from our trip," she confided to me.

"I had almost guessed it," said I winking at Bill. "Had a fine time of course?"

"*Did we?* Just wait 'till after supper," said Bill, as he made for the house, his arms full of bundles. "I'll disclose some adventurous happenin's to your willin' ears then.

Just now I'm hungry enough to chew a wagon tire if it had butter an' sugar on it."

The meal was over, we tipped our chairs back and lit our pipes. Bill gave a relieved sigh—the smile of contentment had already settled on his features. "Me for the untroubled peacefulness and quietude of the home fireside. Me for the old reliable trails of the cow country. The first man advises me to go travellin' wants to have his location papers made out, 'cause I'm apt to jump his claim. You see, Mrs. Long an' me took the train for the East at Owl. We had tickets to Kansas City. Well, in the excitement of gettin' started the Missus plum forgot to put up any lunch, so the first stop we made I piled off to buy some fruit. While the fellow was gettin' my change the blame train pulled out. I thought at first she was switchin' and she got too big a head start on me. Last I saw was my wife waving to me from the back platform and yellin' somethin' about waitin' for me. If she called that waitin' I guess I must have been goin' backwards about twenty miles a hour. I wandered back to the fruit man and addressed a few remarks to him. He objected to the sentiments I expressed so I dropped a watermelon on his pompadour—pure accident. When he come to, I was just departin' on the next train East. He come rushin' out to the platform and tossed me about a basketful of pears and peaches and such things. I don't remember buyin' 'em, but he must have thought they belonged to me. It sure was wasteful, though, the way he used that innocent fruit—why he smashed any way six windows, and the only thing that reached me in eatin' condition was a cling-stone peach without the cling or the peach. I do dislike to see a fellow give way to his temper like that—it shows lack of proper trainin' or else a bad stomick.

"By an' by our train begins humpin' it along, like a jack rabbit losin' himself in the landscape. The fellow said we

was makin' up time. I guess we must have made up considerable—the engineer was sure throwin' the quirt into his fiery steed. Purty soon we go scootin' by a dinky little station—not slowin' up enough to say howdy—and there I see my wife standin' on the platform wavin' her handkerchief. 'Fore I could look twice we was plum out of sight.

"'By jinks!'" I says to myself, 'let me get a couple of turns around that engineer'—and I started for the front end of the train. Just then the conductor come along.

"'Look here,' I says, 'my wife's left back there at that station.'

"'Gee whiz', says he 'she didn't fall off, did she?'"

"'Now don't get comic, stranger,' says I. 'You know darn well nothin' fell off this here train, without it might be your brains. My wife wants to get on this train and my wishes are aiming at the same mark. Let's back up and get a fresh start.

"'It's against orders—we don't stop there,' says he, lookin' kind o' mean.

"'It's never too late to commence,' I says. 'As for orders, I've got orders' gran'pap right here,' and I pulled Faithful Fido out of my pocket. Well, that fellow's hands went up like smoke on a still day. He blamed near dislocated his shoulder joints. Then his fingers collided with the bell rope and he gave it a couple o' yanks. We slowed down and purty soon here comes the fireman prancin' 'long the side o' the car.

"'What's up?' says he.

"'The moon,' says I, shading my eyes from the sunlight. 'We left a important package back there at the station,' says I.

"'Mail?' asks the fireman, still inquisitive.

"'Female,' I says. 'You want to get out of that inquirin' turn o' mind, young man. Too much learnin' is apt to give you brain fever and make your hair fall out. A little

knowledge is a dangerous thing, and a little more is risky as h—. Now trot along and let's be gettin' back—I'm feelin' lonely as a screech owl.

" 'It's all right, Pete,' says the conductor, 'back her up.' I handed him my bottle on the spot. A speech like that deserves some appreciation from the audience.

"Well, we went back to the station and there was the Missus sittin' on the platform an' a regular cloud-burst comin' out of her eyes. I took her up in my arms and carried her aboard. 'I thought you were goin' to leave me,' she says, nestlin' her head on my shoulder. 'My intentions was just a hundred and eighty degrees from that,' I says.

" 'What kept you?' she asks.

" 'I was gettin' that fruit. Here, have a hickory nut, that's about the only thing that ain't smashed. The blamed train sneaked off while I had my back turned and wasn't lookin'.'

" 'Well, I'm mighty glad to have you again,' says the Missus.

" 'I second that motion,' I says.

"We pulled into Kansas City next mornin'. On account of that fruit business and what followed we was seven or eight hours late, so there wasn't any of the folks to meet us. I asked the man at the gate if he had seen any of the Longs aroun' there waitin' for me. 'Why there was a baseball team got off here 'bout a hour ago. Was they yours?' 'I reckon not,' says I. 'I've owned lots of teams but they wasn't the baseball variety.' He begins to laugh. 'See here, stranger,' I says, 'don't get factitious. My disposition's awful interchangeable, and the doctor says I oughtn't be riled. I always carry a prescription for this same kind of emergencies in my hip pocket.' Under the warmth of my gaze his smile melted away like a snow flake on a hot stove.

" 'I reckon we might as well go out to the house,' I says

to the Missus. 'I got their address right here in my coat pocket.' I was reachin' for it when somebody taps me on the shoulder.

" 'Be quiet — don't make no disturbance,' says a fellow with a star inside his coat.

" 'What put that notion into your head?' says I.

" 'I've been watchin' you ever since we left Topeka,' he says pointin at his star.

" 'You ought to be purty well acquainted with my features by now,' I says. 'I don't like to seem overinquisitive, but would you mind tellin' me what special feature of my physiology it was as mesmerized your gaze?'

" 'You're wanted for carryin' cancelled weapons and threatenin' the life of a railroad employ. I've orders to take you to the police station.'

' 'You have, have you?' I says. 'Supposin' my intentions don't dove-tail to that?'

" 'I've got means to force you,' he says. 'Mr. William Long, here's a warrant for your arrest.'

" 'You can't imagine how bad it makes me feel to disappoint you,' says I, 'but since I was married my initials is W. E. D., so you can't open no jack-pot with that hand. Go draw a couple o' cards and I'll see you. Just now I've got family matters claimin' my attention an' I'll have to leave you.'

" 'Then me and the Misses got in a carriage and drove out to the folks' house. I reckon you've heard of huskin' bees and sewin bees and bumble bees—well, a kissing bee has got the whole bunch in the corner with their hands elevated. When the mist cleared, wife was smilin' brave—same as when the best pie burns up in the cook stove. I ain't naturally jealous—but enough is plenty, so I says, 'If somebody'll lead us to the soap and water we'll get rid of this railroad paint.'

" 'They're as nice as they can be,' says the Missus, as I was washin' the soap out o' my eyes.

"'Yes" says I, speakin' indistinct through the soap bubbles.

"'So kind and affectionate.'

"'Is this soap naturally green?' says I, 'or is a jealous disposition colorin' my eyesight?'

"'Well, you old foolishness,' she says.

"'Mebbe so" says I, 'but I never was much good at arithmetic, and when it comes to dividin' your kisses with anybody you'll find me picketed at the foot of the class.'

"'Well, I never!" says she.

"'Never what?—kiss me any more?' I asks, coverin' my face so she couldn't see me grinnin'. "It's beginnin' to look that way," says I, speakin' pathetic through the towel and sort o' chokin'.

"'Bill,' says she, kind o' soft, and pullin' the towel away from my face, 'Bill—I'd rather kiss you than the whole world.'

"'So'd I. It's a heap easier,' says I, 'and you can do a more satisfactory job.'

"And doggone it, I'll bet it wasn't more than a minute 'till they rung the dinner bell. They ain't no place as good as home."

Addison Talbott.

Today and Tomorrow

(BAIRD PRIZE POEM)

I

I wonder, when God wrought the land
And girt it with the silver sea,
Did He intend that Love should be
So bitter hard to understand?

Tomorrow, where the roses cling
Along the southern gable end,
Perchance some vagrant feathered friend
May pause a space, to preen and sing.

But, Ah today, today there seems
A dearth of gladness everywhere;
No music throbs along the air,
And I am saddened with my dreams.

II

'Twas Springtime; in the garden-close
I heard him singing through the gloom;
My hand lay idle on the loom;
Love blossomed like a crimson rose.

Love blossomed, and the fruits it bore
Were sweeter than the birth of love
Than life and all the lure thereof.
Alas, I know their taste no more!

III

The white moon climbs the quiet skies
So slowly that she seems to be
A mourner weeping silently,
And all the stars seem weeping eyes.

IV

'Twas Autumn ; one came riding hot
With word of War and foes afield ;
He kissed me whilst they fetched his shield,
And rode away to Camelot.

He rode between the yellow wheat ;
His hair was tawny with the sun ;
I watched the poppies, one by one,
Go down beneath his horses feet.

He rode beyond the Harvest field,
Along the wood, below the hill ;
I saw the three Red Lions still
Stand out upon the azure shield.

I caught the glint, between the leaves,
Of mail as glancing down the dell,
The long light struck between and fell,
Like gold upon his burnished greaves.

V

Lo, he was gone ! A mist of tears
Crept in between the world and me.
Lo, he was gone, and wearily
I turned to face the empty years.

The heart of me was sick and numb.
Hope said, and yet I know it lied,
" He shall come scatheless to thy side."
I knew that he would never come.

Ah, God that I had never known
What fell thereafter ; that I were
As passionless as winds that stir
The glassy sea, and blind as stone.

VI

'Twas winter. Under foot the snow
Strewed all the ways with shifting white.
A whispered terror filled the night
And waked me. In the court below

I heard the sudden muffled din
Of many feet. I saw the pall;
I saw the shaking torchlight fall
Across it as they bore him in.

They set great tapers at his head,
Great waxen tapers at his feet.
They wound him with a linen sheet
And whispered me that he was dead.

I did not weep while others wept
Beside him in the quivering light.
Yea, all alone throughout the night,
I knelt beside him while they slept.

VII

He lay as one that lies at rest
Beside a winding meadow-stream,
And smiles to see in pleasant dream
The guerdon of a faithful quest

I scarce dared stir lest I should break
Some spell of slumber binding him.
And when the dawn crept chill and dim,
I even dreamed that he would wake.

He did not wake, and then I knew
He would not wake till time should turn
To naught. My very senses burn
With thinking on it. God how true!

VIII

At eventide, when flowers pale
To softer hues among the grass,
Our feet shall tread no more, alas,
Together down the darkened dale.

The ways are void, we trod before.
Faint echoes haunt our favored nooks,
No more we laugh along the brooks,
We roam among the hills no more.

And, ah today, today there seems
A dearth of gladness everywhere ;
No music runs along the air,
And I am sick with olden dreams.

I would my women wove for me
A shroud of linen white as snow ;
I would I lay where lilies blow
At dusk beside some silent sea.

It is as when an heart, that grieves
For summer days that fade and die,
Sees overhead the leaden sky
And underfoot the fallen leaves ;

Yea, knows that hope hath fled away
Forever, and the taste of love,
Turned bitter with the pain thereof,
Is one with all the year's decay.

IX

They say that through eternity
God watches over sea and land.
Alas, I cannot understand
That God should turn His face from me.

Oft have I knelt to Him above.
Yea heard his drowsing priests intone
My heart was as a thing of stone
For all the good it got thereof.

The words they mutter through the gloom
Ring hollow, lessen not my fear,
Like causeless echoes on the mere,
Or laughter in an empty tomb.

They bring no solace for my need,
Nor does love lessen day by day.
And, I have neither will to pray,
Nor mood to harken now, indeed.

"Time shall unite;" the Fathers said.
I may not tell if this be so.
One thing alone I surely know,
I know, alas, that he is dead.

X

"Time shall unite;" Ah, if I knew
That time their promise could fulfill,
This yearning might a space be still
With hope. And yet, if they speak true,

So many moons must wax and wane.
So many summers bud and blow.
So many winters fill with snow,
Before I meet my love again!

I am impatient. Time and Tide
Move all too slow, too sadly slow.
I would that I might rise and go
Beyond the years that still divide.

Had I the faith to rend in twain
This veil of doubt that wraps me round,
Then might, perchance, some peace be found,
Some space of rest to deaden pain.

But, ah today, today there seems
No trace of gladness anywhere
About me, and the misty air
Is laden with the wreck of dreams.

The birds shall come to woo and mate
Among the budding willow trees
Again, and Spring be in the breeze,
Yet I shall still be desolate.

Loud trumpets shall call forth to war
The kings and captains, one and all;
His arms hang rusting in the hall,
And he shall ride afield no more.

No more his fingers shall entwine
Bright crowns of flowers for my brow.
His lips are dust and ashes now,
And dust the heart that beat to mine.

I hear along the rim of night
The homing rooks that cry and call.
My heart is bitter, yea, and all
The world is barren of delight.

I wonder when God wrought the land,
And girt it with the silver sea,
Did he intend that Death should be
So bitter hard to understand?

K. Sawyer Goodman.

Sidney Lanier

SIDNEY LANIER — soldier, musician, lawyer, professor, poet! How can one hope to do justice to this sweet singer of the South —

“Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.”

and still avoid the pitfalls spread for the feet of those who are led by the will-o'-the-wisp of personal appreciation into a forest of wordy praise? My object in writing this paper is to give a brief sketch of Lanier, the poet, dealing with the other interests of his life only as they are reflected in his verse, and adding such comments as may, and I hope will, encourage wider reading of his limited productions.

Born in 1842, Lanier came to manhood just in time to engage in the “Brothers’ War.” He enlisted and served through the entire struggle, suffering all the hardships, privations and starvations to which his fellows were subjected, but augmented in his case by a feeble body and a severe illness. His account of this period is preserved in his first published prose work “Tiger Lilies.” Early in life he had discovered his musical ability and many a soldier throughout that time of trial was cheered by the tones of his flute which

“clarified and glorified
The solemn places where the shadows bide.”

After the war was over he settled down to practice law with his father. But that confining, plodding, mechanical work was deadening to him. His soul, stirred by thoughts of a more ideal and poetic life, like a caged bird was beating its restless wings against its bars and wearing away its strength in the uncongenial surroundings. At last he

broke away from what seemed to everyone but himself an eminently satisfactory position, and went to Baltimore to pursue his musical studies. Here, while engaged as flute player on an orchestra, he read and studied and developed that literary talent for which he is remembered long after his musical ability has passed into "yesterday's forgetfulness."

Lanier's poetry shows in every line one or other of the dominating influences of his life, viz.. music, the South, love of family, love of nature. From a boy he had been passionately fond of music and on one occasion he wrote a friend that he had "caught a bird's song and writ it for his flute." Some time after moving to Baltimore he wrote a poem called "The Symphony" which gained for him recognition and praise on all sides. A short time before, he had written "Corn"—a poem depicting the deadening dullness and inactivity in the South, due to lack of industry and initiative. The last verse, in the light of present circumstances, reads like a fulfilled prophecy:

"Yet shall the great God turn thy fate,
And bring thee back into thy monarch state
And majesty immaculate.
Lo, through hot waverings of August morn,
Thou givest from thy vasty sides forlorn
Visions of golden treasures of corn—
Ripe largesse lingering for some bolder heart
That manfully shall take thy part,
And tend thee,
And defend thee,
With antique sinew and with modern art."

In "The Symphony" his prophetic vision is even broader and clearer, for in it he paints the evils of our own times. The poet personifies each instrument in an orchestra and makes them utter their protests against the evils of modern trade:

"O Trade! O Trade, would thou wert dead!
The time needs heart—'tis tired of head:
We are all for love, 'the violins said."

Then speaks the velvet flute, the poet's own best loved instrument, then the clarionet, in the voice of a lady bewailing the loss of the old time chivalry when love was not bought and sold:

"If men loved larger, larger were our lives;
And wooed they nobler, won they nobler wives,"

She is answered by the bold, manly horn who stands ready to battle for truth and purity among men as well as among women:

"Shall ne'er prevail the woman's plea,
We maids would far, far whiter be
If that our eyes might sometimes see
Men maids in purity."

Then the hautboy "like any large eyed child" enters a plea for simplicity of life; and finally they all join in the closing chorus in praise of Love, which alone is able to heal all ills:

"And ever Love hears the poor-folks' crying,
And ever Love hears the women's sighing,
And ever sweet knighthood's death-defying,
And ever wise childhood's deep implying,
But never a trader's glozing and lying.
And yet shall Love himself be heard,
Though long deferred, though long deferred:
O'er the modern waste a dove hath whirled:
Music is Love in search of a word,

Lanier's love for the South was of course innate, but his foresight of the future in wait for it probably grew out of his change of residence to Baltimore, from which city he was able to get a clearer view of the conditions existing throughout the country. His deep appreciation of that

terrible period of Reconstruction when, as he says, "pretty much the whole of life was merely not dying," may be seen in the sketch "Nine from Eight," in which the planter subtracts nine hundred dollars, his crop lien, from eight hundred, the amount he has received from his cotton, and finds to his dismay that it leaves "nothing and nothing to carry." His understanding of darky life and superstition is admirably shown in "The Ghost" and "Uncle Jim's Revival Hymn." And that Southerner does not live (I hope) who can read "The Song of The Chattahoochee" or—probably his best single effort—"The Marshes of Glynn," without feeling the balmy breezes fan his cheek, without catching the scent of jessamine, and honeysuckle and magnolia, and without feeling, wherever he is, his heart reach out for another glimpse of the old southern home.

The one thing peculiarly sweet in this brief life of suffering was the poet's home life. He had married soon after the war Miss Mary Day, of Macon, Georgia, and the sane devotion of this pair comes to us like the sweet whisperings of a summer zephyr, after reading of the tempestuous loves of Shelley and Byron. Yet Lanier is equally removed from the phlegmatic self-satisfaction of Wordsworth. He has no song for "the soul of a machine," but in "My Springs," "In Absence," "Laus Mariæ," and "Evening Song," he discloses a wealth of devotion which was inexhaustible and out of which he drew courage in his darkest hours, strength in his weakness and inspiration always. More complete and perfect a love could not be imagined than is expressed in these lines:

"I marvel that God made you mine,
For when he frowns, 'tis then ye shine!"

In his love of nature and his ability to interpret her moods and fancies, Lanier deserves a seat among the

masters. Just as surely as Wordsworth is the poet of the mountains and lakes, Shelley of the clouds, Bryant of the forests, so is he the poet of the marshes. He awakes before dawn and going down under the "affable live oak, leaning low" he watches dawn as with rosy fingers she traces the first faint tinges upon the face of night. And the breadth, and freedom and grace of that scene when the sun's glory fills the world can be given only in his own exquisite words:

Inward and outward to northward and southward
the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows
the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping
of light.

If I should stop with what I have written I would seem to have done exactly what I professed a desire not to do, for thus far I have said no word of Lanier save praise. Indeed, it is with some timidity that I undertake the adverse portion of this criticism, for Lanier is a poet whose place among American poets cannot yet be declared settled. His work was small in quantity and full of defects, but there can be no doubt that he had the soul of a poet, the imaginative mind and the deep insight into true poetic beauty necessary for successful production, and only his short life and constant illness prevented the perfection of his art. He was possessed of a scientific spirit, inculcated by the teachings of Dr. Thomas Woodrow, and while a Professor of English at Johns Hopkins had written a book entitled "A Theory of English Verse." In this work he explained at great length and with scientific accuracy the relation between musical measures and poetic feet. It was because he attempted to put his theory into practice that he fell short of the highest poetic expression; for he was

trying to ride a wooden Pegasus up Parnasus hill, and the result had to be disappointing. In addition to this stiffness and rigidity, there is also at times a lack of clearness, as, for example, in "Sunset." But the fault against which most of the arrows of criticism are directed was his excessive use of poetic conceits, as in "Clover" where the ox is made to represent Course-of-things devouring the clover-poets, or in "Sunrise" where the sun is "the star-fed Bee, the build-fire Bee, the great Sun-Bee."

But it is no more fair to judge a poet by his defects and failures than to judge a law by its occasional instances of inefficiency. According to Browning "What a man *would* do exalts him," and if we may believe this with him, or believe with Lanier that death is merely an incident in eternal life, then we may well believe that this man was by nature and by life a poet, because—

"His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with the hands."

He had always an earnest desire for the highest and noblest in himself and in all others; he had no excuse to offer for the immorality of genius, and his sense of the responsibility of the poet he has thus expressed in "The Psalm of the West"—

"Awful is art, because 'tis free.
The artist trembles o'er his plan,
Where man his Self must see."

His faith was as broad as "The length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn" and his appreciation both of nature and of nature's God is revealed in those wonderfully sympathetic verses "The Ballad of the Trees and the Master." His early death and the consequent lack of perfection in his work may exclude him from the list of "masters," but he must be (and I think he would choose

to be) numbered among those "humbler poets, whose songs gushed from their hearts, as showers from the clouds of summer." Says Mr. Edwin Mims, in his excellent biography of the poet, "In the light of such a poem as 'The Marshes of Glynn' Lanier's poetry and his life take on a new significance. The struggles through which he passed and the victory he achieved are summed up in a passage which may well be the last word of this biography. For Sidney Lanier was

"The catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain."

Julian Bonar Beaty.

The Still Small Voice

To him who looks upon the vast expanse
Of breathing ocean from some rock-crowned height;
Or gazes at the million tiny worlds
That glow like jewels in the robes of night;
To him who listens to the winter wind,
Moaning of leaves long dead and without charms;
Or wanders in the forest where the trees
Lift heavenward their long, fantastic arms;
There comes a voice that speaks of unknown things,
Of truths undreamt, of mysteries sublime,
Of some vague power that lies unseen, entombed,
Beneath the wrappages of space and time.
And lighted by that voice to realms above
His world of petty strivings, hopes, and fears,
He feels in part the mystery of life
And hears the wondrous music of the spheres.

Sinclair Hamilton.

A Failure In Philanthropy

"**W**oman", said Ethel, loftily, "is destined to play a higher part than that of a mere ornament or housekeeper. Until now she has been too much under man's thumb to be able to use her powers to best advantage. Look at me, for instance." I did so with great pleasure, as she was exceedingly pleasant to see. I had been looking at her for the greater part of two years and had fallen into the habit of doing nothing else when she was near.

"Well," said I "What of it?"

"I am doing absolutely nothing to make the world any better for my having lived in it. I spend enough each month to keep a poor family in food for a year. I didn't earn it — couldn't, in fact. What return do I get for it?"

I ventured to suggest that the amount invested with the dressmakers and other furnishers of things feminine had not been wasted. The remark fell flat.

"Yes, that's it. I put it on my back. I'm only a parasite and have been one all my life. But I'm going to do some good with my money now. Instead of marrying you, as you advise, I'm going to open a place where the poor newsboys can get a place to sleep and a good library. It will be a fine thing for them and I'll have the satisfaction of having done something worth while. I've been reading a good deal about the horrible lives they live and about the good results of settlement work and I think I shall like it.

"Fine!" I said, as I could think of nothing else to say.

"Yes, and if you'll promise to be good and talk sense after this, I may let you see me occasionally."

A few moments later, I left the house, completely bewildered by the new aspect of affairs. The change had been so sudden and so inexplicable that I was unable to think clearly for the rest of the afternoon. The day be-

fore she had been entirely her old self and we had gayly planned to spend the following afternoon in a hunt for a house or apartment. The wedding was to have taken place in the course of a few months and all seemed to be going well. Now, everything was up in the air and that when least suspected. To be sure, she had told me that she had been reading "How The Other Half Lives" of late and that it was making a strong impression on her. It most certainly had. Had I met the learned author of that worthy work as I was leaving the house, I'm afraid he would have fared badly at my hands.

In a few days, I saw by the paper that a "Newsboy's Home" had been opened and that good results were being obtained. I went up to see Ethel and found her fairly beaming with happiness and most enthusiastic over her plan. Nothing, she said, could induce her to give it up. The newsboys were so cute, and so well behaved, they appreciated the Home so much, were so much benefited by it, and all that kind of talk until I felt like exterminating the whole *genus newsboy*. It was positively sickening to think of her wasting her time on those dirty little vagabonds and I went home determined to break up that modern Eden, even though it cost me all I had in the world. Ethel was worth that and more too.

The next morning, I approached my newsboy on the subject, knowing that he was one of the habitués of the place.

"Sure, I go dere. De hull gang is on to de good ting and dey all hang out at dat roost. Dat Miss Ethel is all de chickens. Say, ain't she a peach?"

"Never mind that, Johnny," I said, "The question is, do you want to make some easy money and get a good job afterward?"

"Sure ting. I'm on. Wots de game?"

"Come up to the office with me. I'll take all the papers you have left this morning."

Johnny followed me to my office and there I told him all about it and unfolded my plan. He was with me from the start and promised to carry out orders to the letter. I gave him some money and sat down to await developments. Every morning as I bought every paper he reported progress and in about a week came up to the office again.

"Say, boss, it's working like a dream! I ain't told no one what de big game is, only I gives dem de cash and tells dem to roughhouse de place good. Dere ain't a magazine nor a chair left in de hull house."

"What are they doing?" I asked.

"Ask me an easy one, wot dey ain't doin'. It was a holy show down dere last night. Dey took all de beds apart and beat holes in de walls wit de slats. De loidy comes up on de run and ses, "Boys, dis ain't de right ting to do." "Aw, g'wan," ses I. "We ain't a doing nothin' but make ourselves at home, like you ses to." Den Batty M'Gee begins firin' pitchers down de stairs, while de kids up stairs stands around and yells. Den Miss Ethel goes home mad. De place looked like dere'd been a fire. Gimme annuder ten and de job's done."

I gave him the money, put on my hat, and went up to see Ethel. She came down with eyes very red and looking as though she had been crying all night.

"Very," I asked, "How is the 'Home for Cherubs' and its 'Lady Bountiful' getting along today?"

"Very nicely, thank you," she replied, trying hard not to cry again. "The house is a great success. We want you to come up some night soon and show them some new games."

"Delighted, I assure you. Please tell me some of the games, so that I can practice up a little before going over there. What do you play? Ring-around-a-Rosy, Drop the handkerchief, and such things?"

"No, you foolish man. This isn't a kindergarten. I

mean the games they can play with boards, chess and checkers and pachesi, and some simple card games like cribbage and casino."

"So you allow cards, do you? First thing you know, they'll all be shooting craps and playing poker." I saw by her expression that I had not hit far from the truth. So I dropped the subject, and soon afterward went home. The plan seemed to be working to perfection.

There were no new developments for a day or so, then Johnny came around and reported.

"Gee, boss, it's all off!"

"What? Our plan?" I asked fearfully.

"No, de Home is on de bum. De kids tore up de hull shooting match last night and Miss Ethel ses she's goin' to shut up shop. De gang is kind of sore about it but dey are all waitin' for dat new home you're going to open."

I had promised to open a new "Newsboy's Home" of my own when Johnny and his assistants had finished up Ethel's. I felt that they needed it, although I did not approve of Ethel as the founder and manager.

"All right, Johnny. I'll open it up in a week or so and make you the head man over there. Are you satisfied?"

"Sure boss, you're de candy, all right. I'll do de square ting by you and I bet de kids won't roughhouse dat none. Just keep your peepers on Johnny. See you again, so long."

Johnny left. I waited a day for the disappointment to lose some of its bitterness for Ethel and then went up to see her. She greeted me rather effusively.

"How is the Home getting along?" I asked.

She broke into tears and it took me a long time to comfort her. Then becoming calm once more, she said:

"The little wretches! They acted like angels for a while and then it seemed as though they had become possessed of devils. They broke everything I had put into the house for them, so I had to close it up."

"Is that so!" I exclaimed, in surprise, "I thought everything was going on so well." Then going towards her, "But now that you're out of the philanthropy business, will you accept the offer I made some months ago and consent to take care of one, not fifty, boys?"

"Yes," she said smiling.

And that was all.

Sterling Morton.

Aftermath

At Carnival Time

Say thou hast thought of me when the mad dance
Swirled all around thee and thy drifting feet
Made havoc with the fallen roses ; say
" A space I thought on thee and found it sweet "—
Sweeter than all the laughter, sweeter yea,
Than clinging lips that met thy lips by chance
In passing passion where the maskers stray
Between the trees, yea sweeter than the glance
Of passing beauty, ah my love I pray
Say thou hast thought of me amid the dance.

K. S. G.

IDLE THOUGHTS — ON STUDIES

Studies are to some a mania, to others a pastime, and to still others, a disagreeable duty. The differences are mere differences in the personal equations and pursuits of the students. The best student is he whose studies are both a pleasure and a duty, for he is the one who gets the most good from them. He of the first class subordinates all else to his work and ends by subordinating himself. From that time on he is no longer a man but merely a slave to learning, an encyclopedia of ill assorted knowledge, usually garrulous, and worthy of being shunned by all right minded persons. He of the third class studies as one would work out a road tax — because the law says "Thou must." He gets but little from his books, forgets most of that in a short time and usually retains nothing but misinformation.

The student of the second class, however, is one to be envied. He studies mainly as inclination directs him or

good sense counsels ; therefore he is intensely interested in what he reads or does, retains it in his memory and is the better off for just so much useful information or experience which he has added to his previous fund of knowledge and common sense. If contradicted in a statement, he politely drops the discussion and awaits a favorable opportunity to satisfy himself as to his position by referring the matter to an authority. Two persons of the first class, however, on finding that they held opposite views on a subject, would debate the matter throughout the night, probably losing sight completely of the original question under the mass of second hand, parrot-like, undigested learning freely produced as evidence. In a gathering of persons of the third class, the question would probably never have come up, their conversation being on commonplace topics, admitting of little or no discussion.

The true student is not the one who studies only what he pleases — he is the one who studies everything available. The dilettante student misses the main point education—the “leading out” of new resources, ideas and abilities, while the omnivorous student is embarrassed and overcome by a superfluity of riches. Judgment must be used and a balance maintained in studies as in all other matters. An electrician is neither moved nor benefitted by a discussion, however learned or authoritative, on the proper classification of the lower vertebrates ; nor does a naturalist usually go into raptures over an able treatise on galvanometers.

The real, fundamental aim of study is the increasing of ability, and all other results obtained by it are in the nature of by-products. To increase his ability, a man must study that which bears on his work. Therefore, let the physician study his treatises on anatomy and medicine, the lawyer his records of famous cases and the merchant his commercial histories and biographies of famous traders. For relaxation, let them read, not study, the best fiction

and the drama of Shakespeare. The latter is most important, as it is universally applicable. An old man, high in the world of affairs but possessing no advantages of early education, once said ; " I love to read ' Julius Caesar.' There's so much of everyday life in it."

Sterling Morton.

Song

I knew she was not there yet crept
Into the garden, there a stir
Of old dreams waked me and I wept
In that same place where once we were
So happy and I called to her.

Yea called in vain ; mid ruined walks
Only the wind that crept and cried
Among the barren flower-stalks.

Made answer from the garden-side
" She is not here ; thy love has died."

K. S. G.

Editorial

We take great pleasure in announcing the names of the following men who have been elected to the Editorial Board of the Nassau Literary Magazine for the coming year. Thomas Jackson Durell, of Lawrenceville, N. J., Managing Editor ; Thomas Clinton Pears, Jr., of Pittsburg, Pa.; John Nevin Sayre of Bethlehem, Pa. ; Ralph Woodland Owen, of Eau Claire, Wis. ; James Arthur Muller, of Philadelphia, Pa.; John Wainwright Evans, of Miles City, Mont., and George Alexander Walker, Jr., of Philadelphia, Pa., Business Manager.

As may well be seen from the foregoing announcement, and from the formidable array of editors' names upon the contents page of this number of the Lit., the 1906 board has all but severed active connection with the Magazine to which it has given so much time and attention for the past year. It has been a pleasant year for all of us and no small part of our pleasure and interest has come from the work on the Lit., yet we are glad to be laying aside our responsibilities in this line in order to be more free to enjoy as fully as possible our last two months in Princeton.

For us this is but the beginning of the farewells that have to be said daily, almost hourly to all sorts of events, customs and institutions that we have become a part of during our four years of college life. And then when we have said goodbye to all these things, there comes the hardest wrench of all, the saying goodbye to the men. Let us, however, put off even the thought of that evil day as long as possible and look ahead a bit farther to the time when these farewells have all been said and we shall be settling down in earnest to the work of our lives. In a few years from to-day the men who for the past four years have played so great a part in one another's lives

will be scattered very widely and in many cases will see each other only at rare intervals. Yet that will be the time to put into practice all of the brave ideas and worthy thoughts which close association with one another and love for our University have implanted in us. Everywhere there is a call for the man with the University education, everywhere that man is looked to for bigger accomplishment, for broader ideas and for a more comprehensive grasp of all sides of a subject than is the man who has not had similar advantages. For the first few years of effort in any work the college bred man may feel himself at a disadvantage as compared to his neighbor who started in the same line four or five years ahead of him but at the end of the term of apprenticeship that same college man, if he be ever to amount to anything, will find that his advantages begin to tell and that his mind is open to trains of thought which present themselves naturally to him because he has been trained to welcome all sorts of impressions and to look upon all subjects from many points of view. The college man is, generally speaking, a tolerant man and though in very few cases a scholar or in any sense a truly educated man yet there has been put into his possession that master-key to the storehouse of knowledge which if rightly used will unlock for him any one of its many compartments for whose contents he may have use. By this we mean that he has been taught how to use and how to get the best out of books. Though he may never yet, up to his graduation, have put this knowledge into practice to its full extent, though he may have no more than dipped into any of the subjects that have been presented to his consideration, still he has been shown again and again how this may be done and he is a strange creature indeed if he has not at some time or another become sufficiently interested in at least one subject to follow his training along this line with fairly to satisfactory results.

Then, beyond this ability to get inside of books and to extract the nutriment from them, the college man has a first hand knowledge of men and how to deal with them under all sorts of conditions which most men who enter early upon a business career do not attain to till almost middle age. True it is that the men with whom the college man is associated are young and in nearly all cases immature and unformed, and the material concerns in which these men interest themselves are seldom or never of any great actual importance, but while engaged in these affairs the men are personally just as vitally interested as though the questions were of the greatest moment.

Thus in many ways the University man, and especially the Princeton man, is trained in his college days to a broad and catholic point of view and one of the most valuable requisites to success in outside life is acquired by him, a certain poise and proper sense of proportion in the weighing of problems which may confront him.

It is by putting into practice the precepts gathered along these lines by instruction and experience in undergraduate days that Princeton men may become a vital force in those activities which they will pursue in after life and may make such a record for judgment, integrity and sound sense that their friends and associates will be lead to regard Princeton with the greatest admiration and respect and to send their sons here to partake of the ever increasing multitude of benefits which our University showers upon her students.

Gossip

Gentle friends and patient readers the Gossip greets you for the last time in these pages and begs for his successor the same indulgence which has been so kindly granted to himself. The old Gossip is sensible of his own shortcomings. He has found it difficult to keep from meddling with things which did not concern him in his official capacity and still more difficult to hit upon the things which did of right concern him. Nevertheless if he has erred greatly he hopes to be pardoned, all has been done in good faith and because he knew no better. What more need be said by way of apology. Let us hope that the new Gossip may profit by his slips.

It will be with considerable pleasure that the Gossip sees these last two pages of his department go to press. It is always pleasant to finish a piece of work, especially if it has not been a particularly easy one. The Gossip is quite ready to turn over his job to the incoming board. However, his feelings are not altogether made up of pure joy, far from it; he has enjoyed this connection with the venerable "Lit" and will be sorry to leave its comfortable sanctum and hang the key behind the door for the last time. Also this handing over of authority, slight as it, makes him feel that the end of his life as an undergraduate is very near at hand, that the door which leads into the great noisy world is already swinging open and that very soon indeed he will find himself across the threshold, wondering how on earth four years could slip away so rapidly.

What will come of it all? Where will we be a year from today? Ten years from today these questions pop up continually as the sap rises in the trees, and become more insistent as the buds burst in the Spring sunshine. Can the Gossip answer them? Of course not. Nobody can. All that he knows or that anybody else knows, for that matter, is that another Spring will find new men filling the old places, and that the new men will come to feel pretty much as the old men felt before them and so on until "these walls in dust be laid" as the great old song goes. Will the new men find an answer to the question? Ah no, nor will the newer men who come after them, they will simply do the old work and do it

well, love the old college and love it well (for they will be Princeton men) and then pass on, like the others, over the threshold of the great door into the big moving world.

We have been happy here, very happy, but the glass holds only a few more golden grains of our hour and, sorry as we may be to see them drop one by one, we cannot turn the glass again and start anew. This is the sad part of it, the hard part of it, to have no choice in the matter, but beyond the opening door there are very many strange and wonderful things which beckon and lure us out to new endeavor and broader fields. Would we turn the hour glass even if we could? The Gossip doubts it. Certainly the wisest and strongest of us would not. It is better to leave a past unsatisfied than to remain and become tired of the laughter and the lights and the flowers even if all these things be deathless and do not fade. It is always difficult to rise and go when we are leaving a place that we loved for something that is new and strange to us; but we should be lacking in true Princeton spirit if we shirked the test and failed to step out into the world as gayly, as bravely and confidently as ever a class left Princeton, which means a great deal.

In closing the Gossip salutes the men of next year's Senior Class, and wishes them every success, but above all he salutes the men of 1906 and wishes them all the best in the world in every thing they may do, and for all time to come.

K. Sawyer Goodman.

Editor's Table

Samuel Johnson has said that we never do anything consciously for the last time without sadness of heart. And so it is with feelings rather more of regret than of relief that, as the time draws near for withdrawal of the '06 board, we enter the editorial sanctum for the last time. True, at periods the work has proved itself a trifle irksome, for of the writing of words there is no end and often the reading of them is a weariness of the flesh. But, on the whole, we have found great pleasure in the work. It has brought us into touch with what other men are doing in other colleges. It has drawn us closer, we hope, to the life and thought of other institutions. and we are sorry that at last we must step from our places.

Now, this is not supposed to be an elaborate farewell address. We know that the editorial and gossip departments will look after that better than we can. It is our wish, however to speak a few last words to the magazines with whom we have had the pleasure of exchanging. We have tried, during the past year, to give, as far as our small ability has allowed us, honest criticisms of the articles appearing in these magazines. At times, we may have found fault where no fault was present. At times, we may have praised where no praise was due. At times, we may have passed over articles which deserved notice. But, whatever our short comings may have been, we have in every case tried to give our candid opinions in regard to the essays and stories which attracted us. If these opinions were unjust, we are heartily sorry, and we hope that our criticisms were taken in the spirit in which they were given — a spirit of honest endeavor to point out the defects and praise the good points of our college literature.

On the whole, what we have read in our exchanges has pleased us very much indeed. It is true that we have come across but few embryo geniuses, which is not strange in an age where genius depends mainly on the amount of advertisement and great men are made, not born. It is true, too, that many of our college stories lack a certain finish and technique which only come from long practice. But, on the average, the articles that appear in our college papers are interesting, clean, and healthy and give promise

of future development. So we may say again, we are sorry to part company with our exchanges. We are sorry that ours no longer is the duty of reading them over. We are sorry to leave the little sanctum and the dusty table and the piles of old magazines. However, so runs the world away. The next board will step into our places and we will soon be forgotten. And now, since these few words seem to have grown into an elaborate farewell in spite of what we said at the outset, we bid adieu to our fellow editors in other colleges and wish their magazines as much success in the future as they seem to us to have had in the past.

"Concerning the Dime Novel" in the *Smith College Monthly* is a delightfully entertaining plea for that much abused form of literature. It has a vein of delicious humor in it. In fact we must confess that we enjoyed the article more for the humor than for the truth there is in it.

"The England of Horace Walpole" in the *College Folio* for March is an extremely interesting essay. The author has evidently done a great deal of reading on the subject, and has given the results offit in a very entertaining form.

The essay entitled "The Old Habit of Writing in Books" in the last *Dartmouth Magazine* pleased us very much indeed. It is a plea for the old days when people used to give more time to their light reading, and formed real friendships with the characters of fiction.

Although we confess ourselves to be but poor judges of poetry, now and then we come across a poem which appeals to us strongly. Such a one is "The Deserted House in Summer" in the *March Bates Student*. It is written with a genuine love for nature and contains many delicate descriptive passages.

"The Last of the Red Hawks" in the *Wells College Chronicle* gave promise of being a very interesting story and we wish the author had not condensed it so much, the situation was good, and was capable of fuller treatment.

It is a pity that the author of "Black Manning's Spirit" in the *William and Mary Magazine* has attempted to introduce dialect into his story, for it is anything but well done. In other respects the story is capitally written, and we would advise the author in future to choose themes which do not require his entrance into realms that are foreign to him. In this number, also, we liked the poem 'Over the Waves' very much. The last line of the first verse is the only one we would wish altered.

Sinclair Hamilton.

Book Talk

The author of "The Day Dreamer" is so well known in Princeton that an introduction is unnecessary, and the best part of this knowledge is that whatever Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams writes is sure to be readable. The above mentioned book will easily rank first in his productions. The hero is a rather eccentric newspaper man whose genius greatly overbalances the disadvantages arising from his idiosyncratic temperament. The plot hangs on a big political steal in which the father of the heroine (who, by-the-way, is one of the old style "true unto death" type) is to be the dupe of some scheming shyster politicians. How the "Great Billy Woods," cousin to a "mere millionaire, and sometime war correspondent," foiled the schemers and made a grand "scoop" for his paper, makes three hundred pages of as brisk and interesting reading as one could hope to find. The climax is worked up to the highest pitch and the *denouement* is most satisfactory in every respect.

(The Day Dreamer, by Jesse Lynch Williams, Scribners, N. Y., \$1.25)

"The Dawn of a To-morrow" is the story of a man who found a silver lining to his cloud. The man sets out to end his life. "Failing mind, failing health, despair, death" are the things which are pulling him down. After a night of despair and blackness, with his soul groping for light, he goes out into the fog and finds "Glad." Glad is a little red-headed beggar girl, hungry, cold and in rags, but with eternal hope in her breast. The man is arrested by the strange sight—a child who should be even more miserable than himself, yet who seems filled with undying hope. With his money they buy food to eat and coal for a fire, then Glad leads the way to her garret. The rest of the story deals with Polly and the curate and Miss Montaubyn, whose faith was like a little child's, and how through these, Glad led the man to find joy and peace in the knowledge of God. It is a wonderfully sweet little story delicately told and one could not read it without finding himself the better for it.

(The Dawn of a To-morrow, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, Scribners, N. Y.)

In contrast to the many biographies issued this season, Mr.

Leon H. Vincent's novel and charming volume of monographs upon nineteen "American Literary Masters" offers a useful and readable biographical and bibliographical guide. The nineteen authors represented are Irving, Bryant, Cooper, Longfellow, Poe, Bancroft, Prescott, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, Motley, Emerson, Thoreau, Taylor, Mitchell, Curtis, Lowell, Whitman and Parkman. One chapter is devoted to each author, with sections treating respectively of the Life, the Character, the Writer and the Works. Mr. Vincent is well known as a lecturer on literary subjects and is the author of four volumes of "Brief Studies in French Letters and Society in the 17th Century." The present book is intended to appeal to the general reader as well as to the student of literature.

(American Literary Masters, Leon H. Vincent, Houghton Mifflin & Co., New York, \$2.00)

Leslie Stephen's "Free Thinking and Plain Speaking" is a collection of essays, attacking the attitude of certain schools of thought towards revealed religion, discussing the teachings of Shaftesbury, Mandeville and Warburton, and singing the praise of abstract truth. In six of the nine essays Stephen contends justly that men holding beliefs similar to his own have no right place in the Church of England, or in any other Christian church, but he mars his work by seizing the opportunity to rant against theology and theologians in general. The biographical essays are candid, fair and commendable.

(Free Thinking and Plain Speaking, by Leslie Stephen, Putnam's, N. Y.)

A book interesting not only to the Egyptologist and scholar, but also to the casual reader is Professor Steindorff's "Religion of the Ancient Egyptians." This work, which consists of five lectures delivered under the auspices of the American Committee for Lectures on the History of Religions, affords a keen insight into the religious life of the valley of the Nile and shows the importance of that religion as an influence on ancient thought.

(Religion of the Ancient Egyptians, by George Steindorff, Putnam's, N. Y.)

To those who are interested in modern methods and practices in education, the new book "The College Man and the College Woman" recently published by President William De Witt Hyde of Bowdoin, will have a direct purpose and appeal. It contains in practical form the observations of a college President during twenty years of college life and college administration. What

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